

# THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

or A Woman

By Robert Barr

Author of "The Face and The Mask"

Intervenes.

Pictures by F.H. King.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE managing editor of the New York Argus sat at his desk with a deep frown on his face, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows at the young man who had just thrown a huge fur overcoat on the back of one chair, while he sat down himself on a...

other. "I got your telegram," began the editor. "Am I to understand from it that you have failed?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, without the slightest hesitation.

"Completely?"

"Completely."

"Didn't you even get a synopsis of the documents?"

"Not a hanging synop."

"The editor's face grew deeper. The ends of his fingers drummed nervously on the desk.

"You take failure rather jauntily, it strikes me," he said, at last.

"What's the use of taking it any other way? I have the consciousness of knowing that I did my best."

"Um, yes. It's great consolation, no doubt, but it doesn't count in the newspaper business. What did you do?"

"I received your telegram at Montreal and once left for Burnt Pine—most outlandish spot on earth. I found that Kenyon and Wentworth were staying at the only hotel in the place. Tried to worm out of them what their reports were to be. They were very polite, but I didn't succeed. Then I tried to bribe them, and they ordered me out of the room."

"Perhaps you didn't offer them enough."

"I offered them double what the London syndicate was to pay them for making the report, taking their own word for the amount. I couldn't offer more, because at that point they closed the discussion by ordering me out of the room."

"I tried to get the reports that night, on the quiet, out of Wentworth's valet, but was unfortunately interrupted. The young men were suspicious, and next morning they left for Ottawa to post the reports, as I gathered afterward, to England. I succeeded in getting hold of the reports, but I couldn't hang on. There are too many police in Ottawa to suit me."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the editor, "that you actually had the reports in your hands and that they were taken from you?"

"Certainly I had; and, as to their being taken from me, it was either that or jail. They don't mind matters in Canada, as they do in the United States, you know."

"But I should think a man of your shrewdness would have been able to get at least a synopsis of the reports before letting them out of your possession."

"My dear sir," said the reporter, rather angry, "the whole thing covered I forgot how many pages of foolscap paper, and was the most mixed-up matter I ever saw in my life. I tried—I sat in my room at the hotel, and did my best to master the details. It was full of technicalities, and I couldn't make it out. It required a mining expert to get the hang of their phrases and figures, so I thought the best thing to do was to telegraph it all straight through to New York. I knew it would cost a lot of money, but I knew, also, you didn't mind that; and I thought perhaps somebody here could make sense of what baffled me; besides, I wanted to get the documents out of my possession just as quickly as possible."

"Hem," said the editor. "You took no notes whatever?"

"No, I did not. I had no time. I knew the moment they missed the documents they would have the detectives on my track. As it was, I was arrested when I entered the telegraph office."

"Well, it seems to me," said the managing editor, "if I had once had the papers in my hand I should not have let them go until I had got the gist of what was in them."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say so," replied the reporter, with the free and easy manner which exists between American newspaper men and their employers, "but I can tell you, with a Canadian jail facing a man, it is hard to decide what is best to do. I couldn't get out of the town for three hours, and before the end of that time they would have had my description in the hands of every policeman in the place. They knew well enough who it was that took the papers, so my only hope lay in getting the thing telegraphed through, and if that had been accomplished, everything would have been all right. I would have gone to jail with pleasure if I had got the particulars through to New York."

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked the editor.

"I'm sure I don't know. The two men will be in New York very shortly. They say, I understand, on the Coleridge, which leaves in a week. If you think you have a reporter who can get the particulars out of these men, I should be very pleased to see you set him on. I tell you it isn't so easy to discover what an Englishman doesn't want you to know."

"Well," said the editor, "perhaps that's true. I will think about it. Of course, you did your best, and I appreciate your efforts; but I am sorry you failed."

"You are not half so sorry as I am," said Rivers, as he picked up his big Canadian fur coat and took his leave.

The editor did think about it. He thought for full two minutes. Then he dashed off a note on a sheet of paper, pulled down the little knob that rang the district messenger alarm, and when the uniformed boy appeared gave him the note, saying:

"Deliver this as quickly as you can."

The boy disappeared, and the result of his trip was soon apparent in the arrival of a very pretty young woman in the editorial room. She was dressed in a neatly-fitting tailor-made costume, and was a very pretty girl, who looked about 19, but was, in reality, considerably older. She had large, appealing blue eyes, with a tender, trusting expression in them, which made the ordinary man say: "What a sweet, innocent look that girl has;" yet what the young woman didn't know about New York was not worth knowing. She boasted that she could get state secrets from dignified members of the cabinet, and an ordinary senator or congressman she looked upon as her lawful prey. What had been told to her in the strictest confidence had often become the sensation of the next day in the paper she represented. She wrote over a nom de guerre, and had tried her hand at nearly everything. She had answered advertisements, exposed rogues and swindlers and had gone to a hotel as chambermaid in order to write her experiences. She had been arrested and locked up so that she might write a three-column account for the Sunday edition of the Argus, of "How Women Are Treated at Police Headquarters." The editor looked upon her as one of the most valuable members of his staff, and she was paid accordingly.

She came into the room with the self-possession of the owner of the building, took a seat, after nodding to the editor, and said: "Well, as

"Look here, Jennie," began that austere individual, "do you wish to make a trip to Europe?"

"That depends," said Miss Jennie; "this is not just the time of year that people go to Europe for pleasure, you know."

"Well, this is not exactly a pleasure trip. The truth of the matter is, Rivers has been on a job and has bungled it fearfully, besides nearly getting himself arrested."

The young woman's eyes twinkled. She liked anything with a spice of danger in it, and did not object to hear that she was expected to succeed where a mere masculine reporter had failed.

The editor continued:

"Two young men are going across to England on the Coleridge. It sails in a week. I want you to take a ticket for Liverpool by that boat, and obtain from either of those two men the particulars—the full particulars—of reports they

"Two, at least, of the passengers had taken little interest in the departure. They were leaving no friends behind them, and were both setting their faces toward friends at home.

"Let us go down," said Wentworth to Kenyon, "and see that we get seats together at table before all are taken."

"Very good," replied his companion, and they descended to the rosy saloon, where two long tables were already laid with an ostentatious display of silver, glassware and cutlery, which made many, who looked on this wilderness of white linen with something like dismay, hope that the voyage would be smooth, which, as it was a winter passage, there was every chance it would not be. The purser and two of his assistants sat at one of the shorter tables with a plan before them, marking off the names of passengers who wished to be together, or who wanted some particular place at any of the tables. The smaller side tables were still uncovered, because the number of passengers at that season of the year was comparatively small. As the places were assigned, one of the helpers to the purser wrote the names of the passengers on small cards, and the other put the cards on the table.

One young woman, in a beautifully fitted traveling gown, evidently of the newest cut and design, stood a little apart from the general group which surrounded the purser and his assistants. She eagerly scanned every face, and listened attentively to the names given. Sometimes a shade of disappointment crossed her brow, as if she expected some particular person to possess some particular name which that particular person did not have. At last her eyes sparkled.

"My name is Wentworth," said the young man who turned to her.

"Ah! my name is Jennie," said the young woman, looking at him, blandly, as if he had known Wentworth all his life.

"No, we don't care where we sit; but my friend, Mr. Kenyon, and myself would like places together."

"Very good; you had better come to my table," replied the purser. "Nos. 23 and 24—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Wentworth."

The steward took the cards that were given him, and placed them to correspond with the numbers the purser had named. Then the young woman moved gracefully along, as if she were interested in the names on the table. She looked at Wentworth's name for a moment, and saw in the first place his name of Mr. Brown. She gave a quick, apprehensive glance around the saloon, and saw the two young men who had arranged for their seats at table now walking leisurely toward the companionway. She took the card with the name of Mr. Brown upon it, and slipped under the table another on which was written: "Miss Jennie Brewster."

Mr. Brown's card she placed on the spot from which she had taken her own.

"I hope Mr. Brown is not particular which place he occupies," said Miss Jennie, to herself; "but at any rate I shall see that I am early for dinner, and I'm sure Mr. Brown, whoever he is, will not be so ungracious as to insist on having this place if he knows his card was here."

## A TERRIBLE FATE.

Expedition of Englishman Wantonly Murdered in West Africa.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—A dispatch from Lagos, capital of the British West African colony of that name, gives the details of the massacre of the British expedition under Consul-General S. R. Phillips by the inhabitants of Benin City early during the present month. The party was unarmed and was proceeding to Benin City in order to make a request for a palace, or conference, with King Obaah. The nine officers were unarmed in order to impress the king with the peaceful character of their mission and over 200 native carriers were taken with the party to propel their canoes and carry presents intended for the king. After proceeding up the river the expedition landed at a spot about 15 miles from Benin City and the carriers were sent ahead through the dense jungle, the officers following. Five miles from Benin City the officers suddenly came upon a narrow dell which was within a mile of the others, who were fearfully mutilated. Almost immediately afterward the officers and their servants were surrounded and attacked by hundreds of savages armed with guns, cutlasses, spears and clubs and in a few minutes all the members of the party excepting Holmston and Locke were killed. Of the 230 carriers only one escaped.

JUST LIKE BLUE CUT.

Twice Within a Month a Southern Railway Train Is Robbed in Alabama.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 22.—For the second time within a month three unknown masked men last night held up train No. 35 of the Southern railway near Berry station, 70 miles west of Birmingham, and robbed the Southern Express Co.'s car. The scene of the robbery was within a mile of the others, who were fearfully mutilated. Almost immediately afterward the officers and their servants were surrounded and attacked by hundreds of savages armed with guns, cutlasses, spears and clubs and in a few minutes all the members of the party excepting Holmston and Locke were killed. Of the 230 carriers only one escaped.

THE IMMIGRATION BILL.

The House and Senate Conferees Agree on a Compromise.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The conferees of the two houses on the immigration bill reached an agreement yesterday. Many of the provisions of both the senate and house bills were retained, but they were modified so as to make it a very different bill from that which passed either house. The Lodge educational qualification was accepted, but its application was limited to persons between 16 and 20 years. The Corliss amendment adopted by the house and rejected by the senate was restored, but in a very much modified form. As originally agreed to, the amendment made it unlawful to employ any alien in the United States. As changed, the prohibition is less stringent and is made to apply only to the employment of aliens who habitually come and go—"birds of passage."

W. A. HARRIS WINS.

The Leavenworth County Man Will Succeed in His Bid for the Governorship.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 21.—In the mysterious and surprising changes of political affairs, bleeding Kansas for the second time in her history will be represented in the halls of congress by an ex-confederate soldier. His name is W. A. Harris. It took 23 ballots Tuesday night and it last night in the popular caucus to settle the contest.

Mr. Harris, in response to demands, appeared before the caucus and made a grateful and graceful acknowledgment of the honor. The defeated candidates also made brief speeches. On the last ballot Harris had 57 votes; King, 32; Little, 5; Breidenthal, 5, and three scattering.

NEGROES LYNCHED.

Three Louisiana Murderers Hanged and Riddled with Bullets.

AMITE CITY, La., Jan. 21.—A large mob went to the jail here last night and, securing Johnson and Joiner, negroes accused of the murders of five members of the Cotton family, and William and George, wife murderer, took them to the woods and hanged them and riddled the bodies with bullets. It was at first proposed to burn Johnson at the stake, but this was prevented by the leaders. Johnson and Joiner were brought here from New Orleans yesterday to plead to the indictments against them, and after the hearing were remanded. During the day citizens went to the jail and Johnson made a confession.

MISSOURI SENATOR SELECTED BY LEGISLATURE.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 21.—Both branches of the legislature met in joint session at noon yesterday and George Graham Vest, of Sedalia, was formally re-elected to represent Missouri in the United States senate for the fourth term. Senator Vest was nominated by the democrats; Richard C. Kerens by the republicans and O. D. Jones by the populists. The house and senate journals were then read declaring Senator Vest elected in accordance with the vote announced Tuesday.

IOWA TRAINMEN QUARRELED.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Jan. 21.—Engineer C. W. Lamb, of Keokuk, and brakeman Frank Lafferty, of Eddyville, quarreled while their train was at the station here. Lafferty gave Lamb probably a fatal blow with a coupling pin. Lafferty escaped. The two were members of a Rock Island passenger crew.

MELBA ENDS HER SEASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Mme. Nellie Melba, under advice from her physician, decided to sail for France next Saturday to remain at least two months, but it is possible that she may not return this year.

IN SEARCH OF AN HEIRESS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Alfred Ashbrook, a millionaire sheep owner of Melbourne, Australia, died in 1896 and left his estranged daughter Edith one-third of his vast estate. The heiress is supposed to be in Chicago or its vicinity and detectives are trying to find her.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COIN PROPOSED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The movement for a common coin, upon which to do business with countries on a silver basis, has taken form. A resolution has been offered in the house with this end in view.

## THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

A new razor stop rolls up on a spring when not in use, and can be screwed to the under side of a shelf or stand out of the way.

Interchangeable slats for blinds or shutters are fastened to the side of the blind by a plate held by screws so that it can be easily removed when the slat is broken.

Removable strainers for discharge spouts in wash basins, etc., rest on a flange in the pipe and can be pulled out when the pipe becomes clogged by means of a knob placed in the center of the plate.

A new mail-bag lock has a number of pins fastened to a sliding bar to engage the staples at the mouth of the flap, instead of the old manner of fastening with the strap. The bar is locked in position by a lock concealed within the flap of the bag.

A handy device for holding the covers on pots and kettles when pouring off water consists of a piece of spring wire arranged as to cross against the lid, being held in position by pressure against the handle, thus holding the lid in an upright position also.

A recently patented device for inspecting the bottoms of streams has a heavy metallic tube, the lower end of which is closed with plate glass, an auxiliary tube containing a lamp and reflector and means for supplying air to the flame of the lamp.

A recently designed "hog catcher" for use in slaughter houses consists of a number of curved steel bars so arranged as to automatically grip the hog around the body and throw him on his side by the action of the levers. The catcher then raises the hog to the operating table and holds it fast until it is killed.

A Thermometer Free.

Warner's Safe Cure Co., of Rochester, N. Y., are sending out a limited number of accurate spirit thermometers graduated from 30 degrees below zero to 130 degrees above and mounted on heavy 4x6-inch card board, in red and green, by mail, free to any address on receipt of two cents in stamps to pay postage. To be sure the free distribution of the thermometers is intended to advertise the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure and Liver Cure (see advertising column) but nevertheless they will be found to be useful as well as ornamental little articles for the home or office and well worth the little trouble and expense of sending them.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the discovery of her first gray hair, a woman discovers that it runs in her family to turn gray early.—Acheson Globe.

Don't refuse or excuse—St. Jacobs Oil's cure for bruise.

Over ideas of a good cook is one who fries oysters in such a way that they don't shrink more than half.—Acheson Globe.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

How it would soften the push of the door in the book agent's face sometimes, if we could see the little hands that stretch out to him for bread.—Ram's Horn.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Over 40,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and a manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

If you are unjust to a friend don't imagine that because he says nothing he didn't notice it.—Acheson Globe.

WHINKLES COME WITH NEURALGIA. They go with St. Jacobs Oil's cure of it.

PLEASANT, WHOLESOME, SPEEDY, FOR COUGHS IS Hall's Honey of Horehound and Turbentine's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.—Acheson Globe.

CHURCHES are beginning to understand their business when they serve free lunches.—Acheson Globe.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, etc.

SOONER or later every great thought will make its way around the world.—Ram's Horn.

LONG and short—years with rheumatism, no time with St. Jacobs Oil—and a cure.

BEFORE you put in a crop of wild oats remember that you will have to reap what you sow.—Ram's Horn.

PAINS and aches break down. St. Jacobs Oil builds up and banishes with a cure.

It took the world for a man of ability to live in idleness.—Ram's Horn.

## THE STRONGEST FORTIFICATION.

Against disease, one which enables us to undergo unwatched risks from harmful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the powerful medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which, remedies malarial, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble.

BREATHLESS HUNTER.—"I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy: "Yes, sir." "How long ago?" Boy: "I think it'll be three years next Christmas."—American Review.

FIRE STOPPED FREE and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$3 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 930 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Truant people should be less natural out in company or less natural when alone with their families.—Acheson Globe.

THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., sent a special train load of seed potatoes, sweet corn, grass and clover to Canada customers, leaving La Crosse January 11th.

TRINIDAD, a mad dog loose in a tidying thing compared to what the devil can do with a gossiping tongue.—Ram's Horn.

A SLIP—a sprain—lame, St. Jacobs Oil cures it all the same.

"I know now," remarked the young man who was used for breach of promise, "why they call it 'courting.'"—Credit Lost.

WHEN bilious or colic, eat a Cascarets, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

"War can't you get an accident insurance?" "Grumpy!" "Because they say I'm too old to get accident bicycles."—Detroit Free Press.

Pearl's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Miss M. G. BERRY, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

The inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of the pyramids.—Ram's Horn.

A VAN hampers himself with lumber. He hustles when cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

ONE reason there is so much profit in chickens is that if properly managed the neighbors provide all the feed for them.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, liver and bowel regulator made by Dr. Kline.

As Acheson man and his wife are not on speaking terms, because he said he couldn't tell his rubbers from heels.—Acheson Globe.

DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

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